

Start here.

A question of freedom usually comes off as slightly cynical. It provides people with an almost captive feeling. You, reader are ~~not~~ free. You are free of societal expectations ~~and~~ and function yourself at your own will.

~~It is Padua and Europe has~~

* * *

It is. Padua, and Europe has never looked so beautiful. You ~~stand~~ sit in a clustered restaurant by the shore of a glimmering river. ~~Now~~, you are wearing loose cargo pants and a white t-shirt on your skinny frame. Your androgynous appearance is reinforced by your short - yet wavy brown hair. You enjoy being ~~stared at~~ ^{stared at} and ~~question~~ your appearance questioned. As you sip herbal tea alone you contemplate on freedom. Are you free of gender roles? Are you free from doing things you do not want? Yes, you are.

* * *

You walk into your highly cluttered kitchen and find a note.

"I knew what you are!"
You panic. Someone has been in your house and even worse, they know your gender. Do not worry, reader, I'll keep it a secret.

* * *

The ~~street~~^{river} looks amazing until you see your mother walking towards you. "Charlie! ~~to~~ How could you be so irresponsible!" she proclaims as she walks closer to you. You wonder what she's talking about. "For twenty-five years I have kept your gender a secret and now you want me to throw it all away!" You explain yourself and try to calm her down. You order another herbal tea - apple tea from Turkey. ~~"I try so hard to"~~
"I tried so hard to raise you Charlie but you were too much for me to

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handle." ~~Why am I burdened with~~
~~It's so hard."~~

* * *

There is no other but you. Ariel*
is magnificent, highly attractive and
androgynous just like you. You met at a
bar and was shocked when Ariel
proclaimed that you weren't the only
one. "They worship me" Ariel proclaimed,
smiling glowing with delight. But
you thought you were the only one.
*Ariel literally means slave.

* * *

"My God! It is you! You have come to
save us once again." A plump old
woman almost rears in front of you.
Nobody knows - only your mother ~~and~~
~~not Ariel.~~ "See Charlie! They
know who you are. It's too
early. I told you Ariel was no
good." You begin to worry. The
question of freedom ^{and} arises. You
remember the ~~note~~ ^{and} the responsibility.
You laugh ~~chuckle~~ lightly and
thank the ~~new~~ old woman ~~on~~

*Ariel literally means ~~slave~~ ^{ISLAVE} ~~slave~~

You may ask for an extra Writing Booklet if you need more space.

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on her compliment.

* * *

Ariel walks into the kitchen. "I'm glad we're alone, I want to show you something" You follow Ariel into the small bathroom and set eyes on the mirror. ~~I know~~ "Charlie, I know who you really are. ^{You are} God." You explain to Ariel that you are in fact not God but a mere hermaphrodite. Ariel laughs "Do you think I don't know my own creator - my own enemy." Ariel's face to back is faced towards you yet your eyes meet in the mirror. They are blazing like the sun. This person is Satan. "I am aware that you overpower me God but I want to make a proposition. ~~You are dealing with the devil and temptations~~ I will leave earth for and your people forever if you grant me total

freedom. You are dealing with the devil and temptation has never looked ~~so sweet~~ sweeter.

* * *

"Charlie, they are not ready my son, they still have a choice - they have free will."

* * *

Chorus

Your eyes meet once again. The supernatural tension in the room ~~begins~~ begins to break mirrors, ~~cupboards and~~ ^{begins to} ~~water~~ rushes out of ^{broken} pipes. Your eyes remain gazing into ~~each other's~~ ^{each other's} what was left of the mirror.

Are you being selfish? No. Ariel is a slave - a slave of spiritual death. You finally proclaim "My people aren't ready yet."

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